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foam whirls away, around the same gray boulders where the Indian girl found death so sweet and welcome. They tell me no more, though I long and listen for some clearer history; they never can tell me, and I shall never know, how that poor soul wandered out into the new life, which has no last refuge. Whether she found it rest, or weariness, whether she looked on with the same sad eyes, and sought him still forever, or laid down together the pain and passion, and longing of this earth, I shall never know. But her grave is a grand one in this mountain solitude, and the stern rocks left their scarred faces in an eternal monument, with the roar of waters to sound her wild death-song.

But the shadows are creeping up the hill-sides, and through the dark pine-bole there slants across my face a warm red ray. If we could look beyond these steep, dark rocks, we should see how gloriously the departing daylight gathers up its warmest dyes, and burns and glows upon the far-off Catskills, that rise transfigured in the mellow light. It is the grand feature in all our views—that pale chain of lofty peaks, stretching across every gap and hollow of the hills—a picture painted in pure light and sunshine, between the sharp, rugged lines of the nearer slopes. Under the fiery glory of the sunset, their coloring is intensely brilliant, melting through all shades from the cool distant blue, and the shadowy violet line to rosy gold, or masses of pure light, drawn pale and luminous upon the bright evening sky. They are like the eternal hills beyond the river; like the dreamland that we look to, when shadows lie around the world, and our eyes are tired of their dreary veil. Heaven itself might lie beyond them, or at least our dreams, treasuring behind that bright wall a glory too radiant for the dwellers in this weary world. Who could fancy that such luminous golden mist veiled slopes more rugged, or shapes more stern and frowning, than those pale outlines, so sootily curved and delicately traced? I cannot dream of any rocky gorge or fastness, any frowning cliff, or barrier height, where the gray rocks spread cold and bare, and the winds rave and revel over the treeless waste. They are only shadows; only the golden gates of the invisible world; and my heart yearns on forever for those bright barriers to fade away, and show me the life that lies beyond their golden line.

But the last red beam is dying above me, tangled in the crests of the highest pines. The roar of Bashapish sounds louder in the coming twilight, and the waters, rushing to their death in the sea's deep bosom, follow me far with the thunders of their voice. The gray shadows tremble round the hills, as we follow the steep and winding path, and the round red harvest moon will light us on the long road towards home.

MINETTE.

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

A new edition of Sir Walter Scott's Poetical Works is presently to be issued in London, with a Biographical Introduction, by Francis Turner Palgrave. Mr. Palgrave is one of the most thoughtful of English critics, and, in this instance, he has chosen one of the most inspiring themes.

It is said the financial position of M. de Lamartine has been discussed by the French Cabinet, and that it is in contemplation to pay all of his debts and give him a pension of \$8,000 a year, he, on the other hand, transferring to the Government

all his estates, copyrights and other property. It is said the only obstacle to this arrangement is M. de Lamartine's hesitation to accept any favor from the Imperial Government.

The *Hartford Courant* gives the following as the receipts of the book publishers in that city for sales of works relating to the war:

|  |           |
|--|-----------|
| Headley's History, 1st and 2d volumes. | \$682,500 |
| Greeley's History, 1st volume.         | 650,000   |
| Kettel's History.                      | 330,000   |
| Nurse and Spy.                         | 440,000   |
| Field, Dungeon and Escape.             | 266,500   |
| Four Years in Secessia.                | 105,000   |
| Life and Death in Prisons.             | 110,000   |

Total.....\$2,584,000

The number of volumes issued was eight hundred and twenty-one thousand.

Alexander Dumas writes:

"A short time since, an old friend of mine was arrested for \$2,400, and thrown into the debtor's jail. He sent me word he was under lock and key, and asked me to liberate him. I had not \$2,400. I went to his creditor and entered into a contract, binding me to deliver six lectures in any six provincial towns he pleased, provided he released my friend. He accepted my offer, and my friend came out of jail at once."

The bust of Capt. Speke has been erected at Taunton, in the shire hall, with an inscription from the pen of Sir Henry Rawlinson. Speke is recorded as "The discoverer of the sources of the Nile"—marked as a quotation.

The life of the students at Oxford University is sometimes described as particularly wild. A recent critic, however, says that "when a man tries to write an Oxford story, he confuses what he has seen with what he has heard—the real life of Oxford, which, under great show of fastness, is extremely mild, and the traditional life which must have been lived by a race of intellectual athletes, equally regardless of laws human and divine." All which is very true. The fame of Oxford, as of Cambridge, has been honestly won by hard study, and not by fast life, as the lives of Milton, Newton and Porson will testify. And so of every other college, whether in England, Germany, France or Italy. There have been no harder students in the world than those who have reflected honor upon Oxford.

It is now stated that Mr. (formerly "Father") Palgrave, is the author of "Ecce Homo." Mr. Palgrave has seen a great deal of life, having been educated at Oxford, (Oriel,) where he took a first class degree; then he entered the Indian army, which he quitted to join the Jesuit noviciate, at Madras; then he became a Jesuit priest and a most zealous missionary, in Lebanon, to the Greek Catholic Church; and he has now seceded from the Roman Catholic Church.

#### ART GALLERIES AND GOSSIP.

The pedestrian as he strolls through Broadway, will stop to look at the prints which are exposed in the shop windows, and forget, for a few moments, at least, all the cares of business. Prominent among those places where the weary eye finds rest from the oppressive monotony of brick houses or the glare of the sun on flagged sidewalks, are the windows of Goupil's: A large collection of prints, engravings, lithographs, photographs is to be seen there; almost everything in the shape of a print. There we will see facsimiles of all the greatest works of art. Titian,

Raphael, Michael Angelo, Correggio, Claude Lorraine, Poussin, Murillo, and the more modern names of Rubens, Vandyke, and hundreds of still more modern names, as well as the names of living men—their works are made familiar to us through the agency of those prints. Subjects that have a most soothing effect on the mind overtaxed by worldly cares, here charm the observer by the religious sentiment which they express.

We will not undertake to specify the many works which are to be found in Goupil's store, for it would be an almost endless task, but we advise our readers to go frequently and look at the prints—study the beautiful, the good, and the truthful. Educate the eye and refine the mind, for we believe a nation's real greatness consists in the amount of refinement of its people. We mention the latest prints issued. "Cindrella," a beautiful figure, after Eugene Lejeune, engraved by Annebouché; "The School Friends," after Compe Calix; "The Contract" and the "Convalescent," after J. Caraud, and two very fine steel engravings after Schopin, from Grecian history, viz.: "Socrates instructing Alcibiades," and the "Beautiful Response of Cornelia, the Mother of Gracchi," when she said, "These are my Jewels," pointing to her children.

We continue our art gossip this week:

Beard has gone to the Rocky Mountains, to study the habits of old bruin, and other animals. Bellows is sketching in Massachusetts.

Leutze is painting a portrait of Gen. Grant.

Martin has gone to the Adirondacks.

Wm. Hart is at Mt. Desert, coast of Maine.

Page has a studio at Eagleswood, N. J.

Constant Mayer, the painter of "Love's Melancholy," exhibited in the Academy, sailed for Europe on Saturday. He will return in October.

McEntee has been at Rondout, N. Y., and is now at the White Mountains.

Durand, who is no longer a young man, still sketches with vigor from Nature, and is now in the Catskill Mountains.

Elliott is in town, painting in Beard's studio, and is engaged on portraits of ex-Mayor Opdyke, and other merchants of this city.

J. F. Weir has been at West Point, and is now at Milford, Pa.

Henry and Griswold are at Newport, R. I.

Pratt is teaching in town, he has painted some good fruit and flower studies.

Shattuck is sketching in the White Mountains.

Lang intends opening a studio for the reception of pupils in drawing and painting, sometime in the fall.

Edwin White has been engaged on a work from religious history. We will be able to give something more definite in regard to it in a future number. He is now in the country.

Rotheimel is to paint a picture of the battle of Gettysburg on the wall of the new extension to the capitol at Harrisburg, Pa., for which he is to receive \$25,000.

Congress recently passed a resolution intrusting a Miss Minnie Ream with making a marble statue of Lincoln, for \$10,000. Judging from the fact that the sculptress has no reputation, we would say decidedly a ream too much of Lincoln.

Oliver Stone and Ehninger are at Lennox, Mass.

Bristol is making studies at Great Barrington, Mass.

Blondell has returned to his studio, after spending a short time in the country.

The Smillers have been sketching at Hyde Park, on the Hudson, and are now in Pennsylvania.

Shangnessy has given up teaching at College Hill, Poughkeepsie, and is now painting in town.

Kensett, whom we reported as having been at Milford, Pa., in our last, has been up the Hudson making studies, and is now in town finishing a Swiss scene. He intends going to Lake George in a short time, and will probably visit the White Mountains before he returns.

William P. Brannan, an artist and poet of some note, we learn from the daily papers, died in Cincinnati on the 10th inst.

As many of our artists are now studying in Europe, we have taken the trouble to find out who and where they are. A large number of them are in Paris. We give their names: Babcock, May, F. Howland, Thom, Inman, F. B. Mayer, Robbins, and Haseltine, of this city. Wilmarth (said to be a pupil of Gerome), and Bridgman, of Brooklyn, Diehl, of Ohio, Bacon and Wright of Boston. Miss Gove, a talented lady artist of New York, also resides in Paris, and has made some very clever crayon portraits.

Boughton is living in London, and continues to paint his charming pictures.

Ogilvie, one of the most promising young artists of New York, is now sketching in Switzerland. He intends to spend the winter in Paris, and will remain abroad for about two years.

Geo. Owen, another young artist from New York, is studying in Germany.

Hall, the fruit painter, was at Dusseldorf when last heard from.

Vedder and Colman, C., of this city, and Hunt of Boston, had hired a cottage at Dinan, Brittany, and intend to spend the summer there.

The Belgian Legislature voted the sum of 85,000 francs to defray expenses connected with the pictures painted and bequeathed to his country by M. Antoine Wiertz. The Belgian Government had erected a studio for the painter on conditions that he should have the sole use of the building during his lifetime, and for which he made over to the Government six of his principal works, and engaged to cover the walls of the studio with frescoes. M. Wiertz died on the 18th of June last, and the Government became possessed of the site, building and paintings.

The receipts at the doors of the Royal Academy Exhibition for the present year have not been so great as was the case last season. The *Athenæum* says, "The influence of universally expressed opinion on the inferior selection of the works for display has apparently made itself felt in the pockets of the Academy." The sale pictures at the Academy has been greater than on former occasions.

Sir Edwin Landseer's lions for the Nelson monument have been cast in bronze, and are now in Baron Marochetti's studio at Brompton, whence they will soon be removed to their destined positions in Trafalgar Square.

The monument to the Duke of Wellington, by Baron Marochetti, has been placed near Strathfieldsage.

William James Grant, a popular English painter, died in June, aged thirty-seven.

John Gilbert, a distinguished portrait painter, of Glasgow, Scotland, died therein the early part of June.

Bellangé, who died in the early part of May, has left a son, Eugene Bellangé, who bids fair to keep up the artistic reputation of the name.

The latest additions to the National Gallery are a Madonna and Infant Saviour, with a Doge of Venice in adoration, by Carpaccio, born 1450. A Madonna, by Girolamo dai Libri, born 1472, died 1522. A Madonna and Infant Saviour, by Giovanni Santi, died 1494; and a picture containing portraits of the Giusti family, by Nicolo Giolfinio, 1486—1518. The first of these was purchased for £3,400.

Madame Bodichon and Mrs. Lee Bridell have on exhibition in the German Gallery, London, a number of Algerian sketches, those of the former lady are landscapes in water color, and those of the latter figures in oil.

#### ROSA BONHEUR AT HOME.

[M. ADRIEN MARX of *L'Evenement* is the least bashful of *chroniqueurs*. There is no place safe from his assaults when he is in want of "copy." The Paris correspondent of the London *Athenæum* gives the following amusing account of M. Adrien's interview with Rosa Bonheur.]

Poor Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur had left the neighborhood of the Luxembourg, and gone to the Château de By, near Fontainebleau, in the fond, vain hope of escaping from the prying and importunities of travelers and indigenous intruders. She calculated without Peeping Adrien. Her porter may say to people who ring at her gates that Mademoiselle has gone out, and it is uncertain when she will return. This answer may turn away modest people; but Adrien only laughs at it. He has his column in his paper before him, and he has not traveled all the way from Paris to Fontainebleau for nothing. He was convinced by the firm denials of the old woman at Mdlle. Bonheur's gates that the lady was at home. He accordingly brought his "reserve battery"—a letter of introduction—into the field, and said,—

"I am distressed that Mdlle. Bonheur is not at By. I have been sent to her on urgent business by one of her friends, who has given me this letter for her; give it to her, with my regrets."

The gates were closed. Peeping Adrien was left at By, "Where cutlets with anchovy sauce are myths, and where civilization penetrates once daily in the shape of *Le Petit Journal*." Adrien indulged in the following reflections: "I will take a little walk. During this time Mdlle. Bonheur will read my letter, and, finding it signed by an old friend, will scold her servant for having turned me away. On my return to the Château, I shall be told that Mdlle. Bonheur has just come in, and awaits me with impatience."

But Peeping Adrien was wrong. He was refused admission on his second application. The old servant remarked,—

"Mademoiselle has not returned. Sometimes she goes off for a fortnight, without saying a word to me. You know how eccentric artists are."

Now a very young and simple *chroniqueur*, Peeping Adrien tells us, would have given up the pursuit at this point. But Adrien was an old hand. He argued, if Mademoiselle has received the note, she has broken it open. He asked for its return. This was impossible. So Mademoiselle cried out, "You must let in the intruder, who will disturb my solitude."

In walked the triumphant Adrien, and he was at once taking notes. He saw before him a little, frowning fellow, shielded from the sun by an enormous straw hat. Stooping, he observed a beardless, bronzed face, lit up by "two brown eyes of ordinary size." The nose was fine, the mouth large, showing "in its hiatus" two superb rows of teeth. Long hair hung wildly

upon the shoulders. The masculine figure said petulantly,—

"Who are you? whence do you come, and what do you want?" The petulant one lifted his blouse and thrust his hands into the pockets of his gray velvet breeches.

The hands were little, and so were the feet, albeit covered with rough, hob-nailed boots, made of unvarnished calfskin.

M. Adrien Marx observed that he was a journalist from Paris, who wished to see Mdlle. Bonheur.

"Look at her, then," said the strange figure, lifting the enormous straw hat.

M. Adrien at once observed that Mdlle. Bonheur's hair was white, and that her coarse linen shirt was held together at the throat by two diamond studs. The lady now melted, and said,

"My dear Sir, excuse me. You must understand the measures I am compelled to take to keep off the profane. I know English people who have traveled five hundred leagues to see me, and who, after having stared at me at their leisure, have gone off without saying so much as 'Thank you.' If talent makes an artist a rare animal, it is not worth while trying to be one. You must understand, moreover, the loss of time. If you were writing an important romance, would you be pleased if an intruder came upon you in the heat of your subject, and loaded you with old compliments?"

Here M. Adrien felt bound to make a feint of retiring; but Mademoiselle would not hear of it, because he was of "*la grande famille*." "Besides, to-day," the lady added, "you will not disturb me, for I am sheep-shearing!"

Invited to witness this unsavory part of farm labor, Peeping Adrien was told that if he did not like it the worse for him.

"I have got one half sheared," said Mademoiselle, "and if I leave him so, he will freeze on one side and broil on the other, and that will hurt him."

Under the *chroniqueur's* eyes Mademoiselle sheared seven of her flock!

He then accompanied the lady to see her dogs, and goats, and horses,—speaking freely of their breeding qualities by the way.

"Do you shoot?" asked Peeping Adrien.

"Yes, of course; but I am very clumsy. The only thing I do understand is rearing cattle. I was born to be a farmer; but fatality made me a painter. I am out of my true vocation."

Hereupon M. Adrien rallied the lady, agreeing with her that painting was not her *forte*, and that he would look for a place for her as plough-boy. Then they laughed heartily: item for Peeping Adrien's note-book.

The thousand and one pretty and curious things in Mdlle. Bonheur's house are not passed over. The gothic chairs, the brass chandeliers, the family portraits, are set forth. The easels are described as covered with studies of stags and horses, preparations for a great picture,—a commission from abroad. "O those foreigners!" the patriotic Peeping Adrien exclaims. Mdlle. Bonheur studies each individual of her great pictures apart, and then groups the whole. "In this way she draws £4,000 out of the coffers of wealthy Albion." Sometimes the lady is wilful, and will not sell at any price. A bit she holds to be superlatively good she keeps, and will not be tempted by gold. M. Adrien saw a sheep-fold, with the name of M. de Rothschild chalked in the corner. The artist explained that she had intended it for the millionaire; but that now she had made up her mind to keep it for herself. "Perhaps," Peeping Adrien maliciously adds, "I am the first to give this bad news to the Baron."

Mdlle. Bonheur's favorites are Troyon and Corot, and her rooms are full of these masters. At "dewy eve" Mdlle. Bonheur conducted her intruder graciously to her gates, telling him, by the way, that she painted, as a rule, eight hours daily.